

# The most lamentable Tragedie

Rest on my word, and let not discontent,  
Daunt all your hopes, Madame he comforts you,  
Can make you greater than the Queene of *Gothes*,  
*Lavinia* you are not displeasde with this.

*Lavinia*. Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,  
Warrants these words in princely curtesie.

*Satur*. Thankes sweet *Lavinia*, Romans let vs goe,  
Raunfomles heere we set our prisoners free,  
Proclaime our honours Lords with trumpe and Drum.

*Bassianus*. Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this maide is mine.

*Titus*. How sir, are you in earnest then my Lord?

*Bassia*. I noble *Titus*, and resolute withall,  
To doe my selfe this reason and this right.

*Marcus*. *Sum cuique* is our Romane iustice,  
This Prince in iustice ceazeth but his owne.

*Lucius*. And that he will and shall, if *Lucius* liue.

*Titus*. Traytors auant, where is the Emperours gard?  
Treason my Lord, *Lavinia* is surprizde.

*Satur*. Surprizde, by whom?

*Bassia*. By him that iustly may  
Beare his betrothde from all the world away.

*Mutius*. Brothers, helpe to conuey her hence away,  
And with my sword Ile keepe this doore safe.

*Titus*. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her back.

*Mutius*. My Lord you passe not heere.

*Titus*. What villaine boy, barst me my way in Rome?

*Mutius*. Helpe *Lucius*, helpe.

*Lucius*. My Lord you are vniust, and more then so,  
In wrongfull quarrell you haue slaine your sonne.

*Titus*. Nor thou, nor he, are any sonnes of mine,  
My sonnes would neuer so dishonour me,  
Traytor restore *Lavinia* to the Emperour.

*Lucius*. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,  
That is anothers lawfull promist loue.

Enter

# of Titus Andronicus.

Enter aloft the Emperour with *Tamora* and her two  
sonnes, and *Aron* the Moore.

Emperour. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,  
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:  
Ile trust by leysure, him that mocks me once,  
Thee neuer, nor thy trayterous haughty sonnes,  
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was none in Rome to make a stale  
But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*

Agree these deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,  
That saidst I begd the Empire at thy hands.

*Titus*. O monstrous, what reprochfull words are these?

*Satur*. But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing peece,  
To him that flourisheth for her with his sword:

A valiant sonne in law thou shalt enioy,  
One fit to bandy with thy lawlesse sonnes,  
To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.

*Titus*. These words are razors to my wounded hart.

*Satur*. And therefore louely *Tamora* Queene of *Gothes*,  
That like the stately *Thebe* mongst her Nymphs,  
Dost ouershine the gallant st Dames of Rome,  
If thou be pleasde with this my sodaine choise,  
Behold I choose thee *Tamora* for my Bride,  
And will create thee Empresse of Rome.

Speake Queene of *Gothes* dost thou applaud my choise?  
And heere I sweare by all the Romaine Gods,  
Sith Priest and holy water are so neere,  
And tapers burne so bright, and euery thing  
In readines for *Hymeneus* stand,  
I will not resalute the streetes of Rome,  
Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,  
I leade espowld my Bride along with me.

*Tamora*. And heere in sight of heauen to Rome I sweare,  
If *Saturnine* aduance the Queene of *Gothes*,

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Shee